Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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MILAN CATHEDRAL.

Although, since the EDICT OF ROMULUS AUGUSTULUS, Milan has been subjected more by far than any other city in Italy, or perhaps in the world, to any city in Italy, upon the greatest scourges & evils attending war and plague—yet the praises of its beauty, as shown upon it at this time, of the greatest, shall be sung by the poet because that city is still, in a great degree, habitable to that city. If there be not a single specimen of the ancient theatre, there are yet PORTICOS, and modern fashion, and that of La Scala, which for size and beauty, is one of the first in the world. There is no place dedicated to Hercules, but there are churches of very remarkable beauty, not to mention the cathedral, inferior in size only to St. Peter's at Rome, and superior even to that edifice in ornaments. Marble is there as plentiful as it was in the time of Ausonius. It is true that there is no longer *opulent moneta* there; yet the mint zecca, under the late kingdom of Italy, was one of the best, and the coins which were struck there were superior, and still are, to all others in elegance of design. A few thousand francs worth of coins issued by M. ra Longa, Duchess of Parma, Napoleon's widow, which was, perhaps, he said to excel even the coins of the Italian kingdom, were struck at Milan.

Milan was a city of great importance in the time of the Romans, particularly towards the latter end of the empire, when it was even the seat of some of the emperors before the invasion of the barbarians. It was destroyed by Attila so completely that its archbishop, St. Ambrose, emphatically enjoining on Christian expressions, said of it, and of some other cities destroyed by the barbarians, that they were "*ad sepulcrum urbium cadavera*." It was however rebuilt, and, in the twelfth century, it was, as it still is, the most flourishing and powerful of all the cities of Lombardy. The emperor, Frederic I. Barbarossa, found in the Milanese a people determined to resist his tyrannical pretensions, and his German legions would have in vain attempted to reduce that city to a slavish obedience, had not many of the other cities of Lombardy joined the emperor against their own countryman. Frederic, assisted by Pavia, Cremona, Lodi, and other neighboring cities, in addition to his own Germans, besieged Milan, and, in seven months succeeded in taking it, the citizens being reduced to the last extremities, and the emperor insisting on their unconditional surrender. Has the king taken possession of the city, he ordered all the inhabitants to leave it, and having delivered it up to plunder, he caused it to be razed to the ground. The executors of this abominable order were Lombardes. Milan was divided into six parts, and six of the Lombard tribes were charged with the destruction, each of one portion of the city; an office which they executed so literally, and with so inveterate a hatred, that it excited both surprise and scandal even among the German soldiery on the occasion. The population of Milan was distributed into four provinces at an emporium, which were erected near the site on which the city once stood, and for three or four years the Milanese were subject to all known tyrannies of a vindictive and ferocious emperor's governors. Although the Italians have been sensible of the danger of allowing the imperial power to grow stronger in Italy, united, and could not unite on absolute known under the name of the Lombard Leagues. One of the first acts of this league was to assist the people of Milan in rebuilding and fortifying their city, which was done in an incredibly short time, and Milan then was as much rebuilt as it was before the siege by Barbarossa. The Milanese, in the year 1162, sent to Venice, and obtained a certain piece of the emperor, forced him to acknowledge peace, which was sealed by the treaty "De Pace Constantiæ," so called, because it was signed at Constance.

The cathedral of Milan was commenced in 1386, by Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan, a prince who has left behind him a very lofty name. The front of this noble edifice was discovered till the beginning of the present century, when it was completed, at a cost of 1,000,000 of francs, in the style of gothic architecture, and mixed work, in carve, and in statues it surpasses all churches in the world. The whole of it, even the roof, is of marble, and taking into account the large and small statues, it is said to contain ten thousand. Some of the pillars are ninety feet high, and eight in diameter. The whole temple is 490 feet long, 286 broad, and 256 high in the interior under the dome. The highest exterior point of the tower is 356 feet.

This tower, dome, or obelisk, for, as Mr. Eustace observes, it is difficult to ascertain its appellation, was built only in 1561, and commands a very fine view. Cervat, who from another tower surveyed Milan, and the plains of Lombardy, speaks of the pleasure which he then enjoyed in the following enthusiastic words: "I ascended almost to the top of the tower, whence I surveyed the whole city round about, which yielded a most beautiful and delectable view." Tiarini, who from another tower, assisted by Paris, Cremona, Lodi, and other neighboring cities, in addition to his own Germans, besieged Milan, and, in seven months succeeded in taking it, the citizens being reduced to the last extremities, and the emperor insisting on their unconditional surrender. Has the king taken possession of the city, he ordered all the inhabitants to leave it, and having delivered it up to plunder, he caused it to be razed to the ground. The executors of this abominable order were Lombardes. Milan was divided into six parts, and six of the Lombard tribes were charged with the destruction, each of one portion of the city; an office which they executed so literally, and with so inveterate a hatred, that it excited both surprise and scandal even among the German soldiery on the occasion. The population of Milan was distributed into four provinces at an emporium, which were erected near the site on which the city once stood, and for three or four years the Milanese were subject to all known tyrannies of a vindictive and ferocious emperor's governors. Although the Italians have been sensible of the danger of allowing the imperial power to grow stronger in Italy, united, and could not unite on absolute known under the name of the Lombard Leagues. One of the first acts of this league was to assist the people of Milan in rebuilding and fortifying their city, which was done in an incredibly short time, and Milan then was as much rebuilt as it was before the siege by Barbarossa. The Milanese, in the year 1162, sent to Venice, and obtained a certain piece of the emperor, forced him to acknowledge peace, which was sealed by the treaty "De Pace Constantiæ," so called, because it was signed at Constance.

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present occasion, "were almost too painful to bear. I begged my friend to desist, for I saw the attempt was hopeless, and I would not allow her tender frame to be agitated to no purpose. My mind misgave me for ever making the attempt. What, thought I, if we have totally disturbed the nervous system, and prostrated the small remains of strength she had left? While I was torturing myself with such fears as these, Dr. ——— laid down the rod, with a melancholy air, exclaiming —"Well, what is to be done now? I cannot tell you how sanguine I was about the success of this experiment! * * * Do you know whether she ever had a fit of epilepsy?" he inquired.

"No—not that I am aware of. I never heard of it, if she had."

"Had she generally a horror of thunder and lightning?"

"Oh—quite the contrary! she felt a sort of ecstacy on such occasions, and has written some beautiful verses during their continuance. *Such* seemed rather her hour of inspiration than otherwise!"

"Do you think the lightning has affected her? Do you think her sight is destroyed?"

"I have no means of knowing whether the immobility of the pupils arises from blindness, or is only one of the temporary effects of catalepsy."

"Then she believed the prophecy, you think, of the world's destruction on Tuesday?"

"No—I don't think she exactly *believed* it: but I am sure that day brought with it awful apprehensions—or at least a fearful degree of uncertainty."

"Well,—between ourselves—there was something very strange in the coincidence, was there not? Nothing in life ever shook my firmness as it was shaken yesterday! I almost fancied the earth was quivering in its sphere!"

"It was a dreadful day! One I shall never forget!"—*That is the image of Death*, I exclaimed, pointing to the poor sufferer—"which will be engraven on my mind as long as I live!—But the worst is, perhaps, yet to be told you: Mr. N——, her lover, to whom she was very soon to have been married, HE will soon be here shortly to see her ———"

"My God!" exclaimed Dr. D——, clasping his hands, eyeing Miss P——, with intense commiseration—"What a fearful bride for him! 'Twill drive him mad!"

"I dread his coming—I know not what we shall do!—And, then, there's her *mother*—poor old lady! her I have written to, and expect almost hourly!"

"Why, what an accumulation of shocks and miseries! it will be upsetting you!" said my friend, seeing me pale and agitated.

"Well!" he continued—"I cannot now stay here longer—your misery is catching; and besides, I am most pressingly engaged, but you may rely on my services, if you should require them in any way."

My friend took his departure, leaving me more disconsolate than ever. Before retiring to bed, I rubbed in mustard upon the chief surfaces of the body, hoping, though faintly, that it might have some effect in rousing its system. I kneeled down, before stepping into bed, and earnestly prayed, that as all human efforts seemed baffled, the Almighty would set her free from the thraldom in which she lay, and restore her to life, and those who loved her more than life! Morning came—it found me by her bedside as usual, and her, in no wise altered—apparently neither better nor worse! If the unvarying monotony of my descriptions should fatigue the reader—what must the actual monotony and hopelessness have been to me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

ENIGMA.

When you and I together meet,
We make the number six complete,
When I and You do meet once more,
We make the number only four.

ANSWER.

In contact close put U and I,
In numerals will six VI stand.
To lessen this in twice its pride,
Change places—then its IV I and You.

THE CALMUCK TARTARS.—Calmuck women ride better than the men. A mad Calmuck on horseback looks as if he was unhorsed, and likely to fall off every instant, though he never loses his seat; but the women sit with more ease, and rule with extraordinary skill. The ceremony of marriage includes a female race performed on horseback. A girls first admirer, who rides off as fast as he can, flies from home, and the overtakes her, she becomes his wife, returning with him to his tents. But a sometimes happens that the woman does not wish to marry the person by whom she is pursued, in which cases she will not suffer herself to be overtaken; and in more than one instance occasions of a Calmuck girl being thus caught, unless she has a partiality for her pursuer.—*Clark's Travels.*

SILVER HORSE SHOES.—It is mentioned by Beckmann, that when the Margrave of Brandenburg, in the fifteenth century, was to meet Beatrix his bride, about the year 1476, his whole train were so magnificently decorated, that his horses were shod, not with iron, but with silver. The nails even were of the same metal; and so many of them dropped out, they belonged to those who found them. It is well known that an ambassador from England to France once indulged in a similar extravagance, and shod his horses with gold; and perhaps having had his horse shod with silver shoes so slightly attached, that by cutting the straps, they were shaken off and allowed to be picked up by the populace.

INFLUENCE OF IMAGINATION.—A curious proof of the influence of imagination is given in the life of Peter Hessman, a Swede, exposed in Edinburgh, 1822. The following are his own words:—"This terrible accident happened, one day, as we were mending a skiff, (having a very thin one, after having it upon deck to hale, I took the tar brush and tarred it, as I thought, well round.) The sun soon melted it, and strengthened. But when we launched it, I was astonished to see that the tar I had put upon it represented a gibbet, and a man hanged with a rope round his neck. Poor Peter was in a sad fright, and, as I thought, was in a state of insanity. Nay, I firmly believe he was insane. Not a minute passed without remarks upon it, and repeated them to the others. I always said to them, you may depend upon it that something will happen to me. I actually felt the rope round my neck all that day, and wished a piece of cambric over the figure to cover it, for I could not bear to have it always before my eyes."—*Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic.*

PETER HESSMAN.—At the storming of Warsaw the principal battery was defended by only two guns, and there it was such bravery as Sarmatia only can furnish.

When it was evident that it could no longer hold out, several privates of the artillery seized the service on foreign parade, and now, drawing up the cannon, fired at the Russians, who, having rushed on, found the place in the utmost repair, seized on it again, and joined in the attack of the dispersed detachment, which, by the continued glorious shots, the duel of his comrades above the fortress, had rallied, and, joining with the Russian who was leaping upon him, and, with the exclamation—"Ah! dans la Pologne les morts—fond the other through his own breast."—*Atlantean.*

EXECUTION OF LEVIA.—The body, after hanging the usual time, was taken into the gaol infirmary, and was laid upon a bench, and two bricks placed under his head, his clothes on, and his head was shortly after shaved, preparatory to being buried. On Saturday afternoon the corpse was put on the gibbet, which is 10 feet long, and placed in Suffolkplace, not far from the Adelphi Tavern. The body was dressed in the same clothes that it was hung in, black coat, black waistcoat, white duck trousers, and a pair of white Berlin gloves. His face was covered with a pitch plaster, and over it was placed the rope he suffered in. The irons are strongly fastened, and, in order to prevent the arms being dislocated, the irons shoes are constructed, and which are fastened to the other iron work. On Sunday an immense concourse of spectators lined the Thames to view the gibbet.

Wednesday last an order was received on Tuesday morning at the Under Sheriff's office, from the Under Secretary of State, intimating that part of the sentence which ordered the murderer Clark to be hung in chains.

The following passage, Judges, xix. 29, is was chosen to Clark as the text, which he wished the condemned sermon to be preached on:

"And when he was come into his house, he took a knife, and laid hold on his concubine, and divided her, together with her bones, unto twelve pieces, and sent them all the coasts of Israel. And it was so that all that saw it said, there was no such deed done nor seen from the day that the children of Israel came up out of the land of Egypt, unto this day, consider of it, and speak your minds."

Clark here alludes to a so unpopular fact. The woman had been murdered in Ireland, under certain circumstances of peculiar atrocity, and the cutting the body in pieces, so far from in any way resembling the tribute of Clark, was done by the Levite in order to stimulate the people of Israel to punish the crime neither did the deed, which is spoken of with so much horror by the Sacred Writer, in not the mutilating of the body, but the barbarous and revolting murder of the woman.—*London Standard.*

A motion was once made during the great rebellion, that such as were chosen to serve in Parliament upon shoes should be shod, and not dad shoes. "Why, he said," he much approved the motion," for, added he, "it is most necessary that the riders be *faithful*, lest they run away with their horses, and *skilful*, lest their horses run away with them."

ON EMPLOYING HORSES ON THE STAGE.

No wonder that nightly such companions press,
And for places "to catch as catch can,"
The reason is clear, and all must confess,
That a horse will *drate* more than a man.

ON A TOTOR BEFORETIME.

By the powers I thought my jaws would break,
While I was chewing that tough bed-stack;
Sure connoisseur not judge did buy it,
It so he had no teeth to try it.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"Render by these four lines take bread,
And mend your life for no *sense*:
For you must die like *Isaac Reed*,
Though you read till your *eyes ache*."

WHOLESALE EMIGRATION.—The Stuttgard Universal Gazette of Sept. 3d, announces that a plan is in progress in the South west of Germany, to make up a State and ship it over to the United States, to become a twenty fifth member of the Union. It then gives the following notice of the project appears in that publication:

According to accounts from the South west of Germany, a set of liberal men are arranging a grand plan for emigration to North America. The emigration has hitherto been precarious, because it did not rest on any solid foundation, and because the means were not concentrated. But now it is different, as the object is to form a *New Germany* beyond the ocean, which is to receive all those whose hopes and claims to liberty and right are disappointed in Old Germany. In order to be admitted into the Confederation of the United States, as a State, the law requires the number of free inhabitants, above 25 years of age, to be 60,000, (40,000 without distinction of age,) and this number is to be assembled before any further measures can be taken. Many of the Germans established in North America, will join their countrymen; and the plan is so popular in Germany, that scarcely any doubts are entertained of its being successful."

SINGULAR EFFECT OF IMAGINATION.—One of the most singular cases of the effect of imagination upon weak and credulous minds, stated in Darwin's Zoonomia, is that of a gentleman in England, who, wishing to prove his grounds, found a poor old woman upon his premises, gathering sticks. He ordered her to lay them down, and go off his lands. She obeyed the command; but when she had laid down the faggots, she cast her wan eye upon him, and lifting her nervless arm to heaven, exclaimed, in a plaintive tone, "*Master thou never knew the blessing to be warm!*" The man was struck with her significant prophecy; he returned to his house, retired to his chamber, complained of cold, and notwithstanding the application of woollens, and heat from fires, he continued to labour under the cause of the imagination for a few weeks, when he died! His office was comparatively small; he performed a lawful act, and that in a comparatively honest manner; but her imprecation upon him was too powerful for her efforts to sustain.

GANDER BITES PIKE.—A medical gentleman with whom we happened to converse the other night, mentioned to us the following anecdote.—Several years ago, a farmer, who resided in the immediate neighborhood of Lochmaben, kept a gander, who not only had a great track of wandering himself, but also delighted in plotting both his cackling harem to weary themselves in vainly attempting their native lake, or in stamping under foot their helpless young in the piscatorial desire. Wishing to check this vagrant habit, he one day seized the gander, just as he was about to spring into the direct of his favorite element, and tying a huge fishing-hook to his leg, which was a barbed one, and a dead fowl, he suffered him to proceed on the voyage of discovery. As had been anticipated this last soon caught the eye of a greedy pike, which swallowing the deadly hook, just as it arrested the progress of the adventurous gander, but forced him to perform half a dozen somersaults on the surface of the water! For some time the struggle was most amusing—the fish pulling, and the bird screaming with all its might—the one attempting to fly, and the other to swim from the invisible enemy—the gander the one moment losing and the next regaining the centre of gravity, and casting between whiles into a position, as it, in his snow-white fleet of geese and goslings, who cackled out their sympathy for their afflicted commander. At length victory decided in favor of the feathered angler, who, bearing away from the scene of his triumph, landed on the green grass, one of the finest jakes ever caught in the Castle-loch. The adventure is said to have cured the gander of his propensity for wandering; but on this point we are inclined to be a little sceptical—particularly as we lately heard, that at the Reservoir, near Glasgow, the country people are in the habit of employing ducks in the novel mode of fishing. We cannot, to be sure, vouch for this last fact; but in the days of yore, hawks were taught to bring down woodcocks and mallards; and why might not a similar course of training enable ducks to bring upjakes and perch?—*Dumfries Courier.*

The following dra[illegible] appeared chalked on the walls in Chester:

"Wonderfull facts beaten naiet,
Than any taken in the Royal Theatre."

BRILLIANT NAVAL EXPLOIT.—During the present concern between Don Pedro and Don Miguel, the throne of Portugal, much has been said of the Don John VI, the flag ship of the former. The following amusing account of her history, and how she crossed the Atlantic, is copied from a late number of the London Globe. It gives, it will account for the great and striking performance of this same vessel.—*N. Y. Journal.*

The Portuguese ships of war have always been, for the elegance of their construction, the admiration of our naval officers. In 1816, the Don John VI was launched; she is 3 very handsome ships, rated at 120 guns, but capable of carrying 140 guns, and 1 of 80 guns, launched in 1819, and ordered to sail for Rio de Janeiro; but such an order was much more easy to give than obey. To get under way in a vessel of that tonnage, and to sail from a port in which there is no dock, and to be able to work to windward, requires a regularly paid, or rather not paid at all, but unwarrantably willing crew, to follow the lawful and honorable manner—Mr. Jolgen, No. ——Coffin, No. 13—Brandy and wat, No. ——

CURIOUS.—The Charleston Courier of a late date says—"The smack Evergreen, Appleton, on her way from New London to this place, was struck in the sun by a terrific bolt. The smack felt several off Hatteras, on the 4th inst. at 5 P. M. The lightning was visible for a space of about two feet of the plank, and at the crossbitts. A part of the lower jaw of the fish was drawn into the timber, and a hole occasioned, which was stopped with a piece of the jaw, and secured by a nail of the middle—left a thin office for inspection."

A WOMAN WANTED.—"A young Frenchman," about 20 years of age, advertises in the New York Commercial Advertiser, for "a Lady to assist him to recover his health, by reading to him, and giving him occasionally a share the joys and cares of life with a husband." He is "handsome, speaks English and German, and has been accustomed to good society." N. B. "If the female should be a Catholic, it would be preferable, because that will insure a happy couple a comfortable independent, and needs only a small capital to insure success."

LIBERAL WRITING.—Some persons write highly excepting their own names; yet others are the parts of a writing which ought to be most plainly written. Names, for the most of us, are not so far distinguished as to be known at sight, or even after long acquaintance. Lavater said a man could be known by his hand writing; and to a moderate hardness he was a shrewd guesser. Be that as it may, it is expedient that those who write a large hand, and a small one, should

PUBLIC DEBT.—The Quotidienne gives the following table, showing the grand aggregate of the public debt of France since the 15th century.

	FRANCS.
In 1562 under Charles IX. - - - - - -	17,000,000
1587 debts left by Henry III. - - - -	120,000,000
1595 in the reign of Henry IV. under Sully	296,000,000
1665 do. Louis XIV. under Colbert, -	783,000,000
1698 do. do. under Pelletier,	1,301,000,000
1715 do. do. under Chamillard,	2,196,318,750
1788 do. Louis XVI. under Necker,	4,345,740,000
1806 under Napoleon (1) - - - -	1,911,500,000
1815 under Louis XVIII. (2) - - -	3,100,000,000
1829 under Charles X. - - - - -	4,500,000,000
1831 under Louis Philip, - - - -	5,417,595,017
1832 under do. do. in June, - -	5,195,148,457

To which is to be added the new loan of 150,000,000

From this table, it adds, it will be perceived that since 1815 the public debt has been increased by 1,307,595,017 francs. The Nouvelliste, however, says: "The statement of the Quotidienne is notoriously false. The following is in reality the increase of the public debt since 1815—Deficit of 1816 falling as a charge upon the existing debt, 62,500,000; loan of 1817, 120,000,000; loan of 1832, 150,000,000. Thus the Quotidienne has added to the account of the government of July nearly 100,000,000, too much."

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, November 3, 1832.

APPOINTMENT BY THE PRESIDENT.—Benjamin Patton, Jr. of Pennsylvania, to be Attorney of the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania, vice George W. Barbarin, deceased.

APPOINTMENT BY JOHN SWIFT, ESQ. MAYOR OF THE CITY.—Samuel P. Garrigues, high Constable, in place of John Curry, resigned.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The article forwarded by a subscriber at Columbia, we can no more than acknowledge the receipt of it as it is too long a document for our columns.

Rem thing silver coin in letters is a mere waste of money. A gentleman in Kentucky wishing to subscribe for the Post, sent us this week $1.25 in silver coin, enclosed in a letter, upon which he paid fifty cents postage. When it reached here, an *additional* 25 was charged as postage, so that the nett amount received was *twenty-five cents!*

Lydia should address her "lady love," in sober prose; compliments of a poet fit him awkwardly.

Cassius is on file for insertion.

We cannot oblige; the article should have been sent in earlier.

"The Captive's Consolation," by Fermoyer, we look with some relaxation. The poetic sentiment of the writer, is much obscured by verbosities, heavy, dragging lines—an insuperable objection. "A Dream," by J. E. will be published.

The tale of the "Young Hunter," contains too many errors for insertion.

A article was declined meeting.

Village Church Yard," is a well written sketch, of a congenial propensity of language and classic ness, but the incidents are too much of a character to excite any except those whose minds have become tinged by rules of romance. The contribution is extraordinary either for matter or manner.

Lines to MILDRED BARD, came duly to hand.

Lines from the Kentucky mom," by R. T. W., we shall be to insert early in a week or two.

The Second number of the Eclectic Volume of the *Journal of Health and Recreation*, which has just appeared, is a number of articles on subjects appertaining to the general character of the work, of the most interesting interest. The publication of this work always been regarded as an important acquisition to every family, but of late its usefulness has been increased, by extending its columns to a variety of miscellaneous subjects, of importance in consideration of the means to acquire and retain health. The editors labor with zeal and energy to the work eminently useful.

Another column we give the contents of the present number, and a card from the editors, in reference to the improvements made by *Porter & Co.*, to render the work a weekly above *attempted* by them, in relation of the *Journal of Health*. It will be a matter of interest worthy the acceptance of every family, as the publication of one generally from, as the work is edited by the gentlemen who originated it.

The Island of Finnigo Vilarino, the reader will see by a perusal of the extracts of Cook, from Hagland to be Sandwich Island. He (Vilarino) was a native of Spain. Hereafter, Island will be so designated.

M. Pass the Ladies, had visited Cook's Island, in the latter being the distinct name of the former being a group of islands in opposite quarter to Sandwich Island. Vilarino's Island is a high rocky island, and is about one half as large as Sandwich Island.

Our friend and Assistant of New Jersey, held a meeting in the City of last week, and elected Hon. L. Southard, Governor of the State. Mr. Southard was sworn in on the Supreme Judge Rossom, Clerk of the County of Mercer.

Public Notice is hereby given that the Post Office Department will be closed on the 5th inst. in consequence of the anniversary of the Independence of the United States.

Washington Rail Road. The road is finished to the Pennsylvania Rail Road. Locomotives are the first winter of the year for the South Valley Railroad, two miles west of the Pennsylvania. It follows the general course of the ridge, about one mile to Westchester.

Alexander Farmer Rail Road—The division of the Pennsylvania Rail Road, between Harrisburg and the Susquehanna, is in the Commonwealth, to Hollidaysburg, on the Juniata, a distance of thirty six miles. Upon very important works, and from the only national communication between the valley of the Ohio and the Atlantic states. It passes over the Allegheny Mountains by means of two inclined planes, the circuitous route, the ingenuity and most extraordinary and embankments, of the ordinary rail road, and the high and steep grade. A quick, cheap and speedy mode of transportation, and is in fact, the only one which could be adopted, in a rapid progress to.

Pain and Pleasure, (German) and A Nightmare Bride, Books. These are commences at the corner of Spring Garden and North streets, in the district of Spring Garden. Pleasant place, comfort for the inhabitants of Spring Garden, and visitants of Northern Liberties. The whole length of a well explored notice. The work is completed to Germantown, and passengers are in equal daily, in suitable cars, to and from the Germantown. The work is progressing rapidly, and is expected to be completed in the spring. The Rail Road is to be completed, and the stockholders will be entitled to a share of the profits of the work, in the shape of a dividend

He knew what! what, and that's as high,
As metaphysic wit can fly!

Answer to the Enigma in the Post of Oct. 13th, over the signature of FLORIZEL—WASHINGTON IRVING.

Answer to the Enigma in the Post of Oct. 20th, over the signature of A. R. S.—SHIELDS.

Answer to the Enigma in the Post of Oct. 20th, over the signature of C. C.—JEREMIAH.

From the New England Farmer.

A DANDY'S WHAT!

A dandy's what? A dickey and a quiz,
A pair of goggles and a negro's fritz,
A seamy coat with a tremendous collar,
A greasy pocket and a half a dollar,
A painted bosom studded thick with glass,
A forehead plated with a coat of brass,
A scarlet nose, a long nine and a squirt,
A flashy vest and may be half a shirt,
A pompous tone, a tweezed bow,
A snow-white hand, a straddle like a cow;
A squeaking voice, a teacup full of paint,
A codfish's eye and visage of a saint;
A pair of whiskers stolen from a goat,
A pewter watch and sent scarce worth a groat;
A pocket-comb, a pair of random lows,
A pair of seal-skin supers black as sloes,
A peaked hat with scarcely any brim,
A spindle shank and body wondrous slim;
A pair of cheek tights tighter than his skin,
A pewter brooch and watch-chain made of tin;
A slim umbrella and a little switch,
A monkey followed by a rosinier hitch;
A servile spe, a pretty woman's fool,
A stupid dunce, a despicable fool.

FRANKLIN.—Dr. Franklin, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Lettsom, Lord Loughborough, and Dr. Solander, once went in a party to Spithead, to try the experiment of smoothing the water with oil. A laughable scene took place between Dr. Franklin and an officer go board the ship, on the properties of thunder and lightning. The officer continually contradicted the doctor with saying, "Sir, you are quite wrong in your opinion; Dr. Franklin says so and so; the doctor and you are quite contrary in your ideas. I never will allow, sir, that Dr. F. is wrong. No, sir; I am sure he is right and you are wrong, begging your pardon." The doctor never altered a feature of his countenance during the conversation; while all the company enjoyed a laugh except the disputants.

HAVANA THEATRE.—Among the amusements at the Havana, the theatre is a great favorite. It is only fully lighted on grand nights, which circumstance is always advertised, as well as a programme of the pieces. The following is a copy of an Havana play-bill. "This evening will be presented to the illustrious and respectable people of the Havana, the famous and much admired comedy, entitled, 'El Triunfo del Ave Maria,' in which Senor Garcia will perform the part of a Gracioso, who delivers many truly agreeable and witty speeches; as will the Senora Gamborina, the character of a Gracioso, whose diverting observations and smart speeches will give great delight to the audience. The comedy will be adorned by appropriate dresses and scenes; amongst others, the march of the heroic Spanish army to attack the infidels, with suitable warlike accompaniments—the Spanish hero on horseback—the Moorish chieftain advancing to challenge the Spaniards, when the Spanish conqueror, with the assistance of the Ave Maria, will cut off the head of the Moor; with many other agreeable and surprising incidents. The theatre will be illuminated with perfect brilliancy, so as to afford this most respectable public every satisfaction."

THE ISLAND OF SOAP.—Judge Peters was an habitual jester, and of course every one considered him as a fair subject to be made a *butt* of. "Did you hear, Judge," said an intimate acquaintance, as he was one day riding into the city from Belleview, "*of the island of soap*, which has lately risen in the Atlantic, more than a mile long?" "No," replied the Judge, "I didn't; and he continued to ride for some time silently ahead. "What in the matter, Judge? why are you silent, sir?" "I was only thinking, rejoined he, "how much *boy* it would require to make so large a quantity of soap!"

THE LOST WIG.—While Lord Coalston lived in a house in the Advocates' Close, Edinburgh, a strange accident one morning befel him. It was at that time the custom for Advocates and Judges to dress themselves in gowns, and wigs, and cravats, at their own houses, and walk to the Parliament House, they usually breakfasted early, and, when dressed, were in the habit of leaning over their parlour windows for a few minutes, before St. Giles bell started the sounding peal of a quarter to nine, enjoying the agreeable morning air, and perhaps discussing the news of the day. It so happened one morning, while Lord Coalston was preparing to enjoy his matutinal treat, two girls who lived in the second flat above, were amusing themselves with a kitten, which, in thoughtless sport, they had swung over the window, by a chord tied round its middle, and hoisted for some time up and down, till the creature was getting rather desperate with its exertions. His Lordship had just popped his head out of the window, directly below that from which the danger impended, like the sword of Damocles, over his head; when down came the exasperated animal, at full career, directly upon his senatorial wig. Nasmyth did the girls perceive what sort of falling place their kitten had found, than in terror of surprise they began to draw it up, but this measure was now too late, for, along with the animal, up also came the Judge's wig, fixed full in its determined talons. His lordship's surprise on finding his wig lifted off his head was ten thousand times redoubled, when, on looking up he perceived it dangling in its way upwards, without any means visible to him, by which its motion could be accounted for.—The astonishment, the dread, the awe almost of the senator below—the half mirth, half terror of the girls above—together with the fierce and retentive energy of puss between—altogether formed a scene to which language cannot do justice, but which George Cruikshank might perhaps embody with considerable effect. It was a joke soon explained and pardoned, but assuredly the perpetrators of it did afterwards get many a lengthened injunction from their parents never again to fish over the window with such a bait for honest men's wigs.—*Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.*

A DRUNKARD'S THIRST.

It is a remark of Bishop Tillotson, that no man is born with a swearing constitution. It may be added that no man is born with a thirsty constitution; or a constitution requiring the use of intoxicating liquors. There is nothing constitutional about it. It is the result of habit. The more the tippler drinks, the more he thirsts. And after he has become a habitual drinker, so that he cannot do without it, where can language be found to describe his thirst? We have seen men under its influence, who love rum better than their wives or children—better than reputation or life—better than earthly happiness or the joys of Heaven. Those who are temperate have no conception of it. It is intolerable, insupportable, beyond the powers of description.

Before its withering influence every social affection droops and dies. Before its scorching, its burning presence, innocence, health, happiness, prosperity, decency, honor, reputation, and every virtue which ennobles and elevates man, is prostrated in the dust.

A SPECTRE.—Counsellor Connaughty had taken a small house, and desired his dear little Mary, his wife, to furnish it to her own dear little taste.

She accordingly purchased in Great George street, at a very large price, a looking glass of sufficient dimensions.

When this fatal reflector was brought home it was placed leaning against a wall in the still unfurnished drawing room, and the lady having determined at once to surprise and return her dear giant, who was very slovenly, did not to him of the circumstance. The ill-fated counsellor, wandering about his new house—as people often do towards the close of the evening—that interregnum between the sun and moon and candle-light, when shadows are deep and figures seem lengthened, suddenly entered the room where the glass was deposited. Unconscious of the presence of the immense reflector, he seated in the gloom a monstrous and frightful Caliban, (himself wild, lone and shaggy, standing close and direct before him, and as he raised his own gigantic arms into a paroxysm of involuntary horror, the goblin exactly followed his example, lifting its tremendous fist, as if to fell the counsellor and extinguish him forever.

Connaughty's imagination was excited to its utmost pitch. Though the spectre appeared larger than any d——lon authentic record, he had no doubt it was a genuine demon sent express to destroy his happiness, and carry him to Belzebub. As his apprehensions augmented, his pores sent out their icy perspiration; he tottered; the fiend, too, was in motion, his hair bristled up, as it were, like pikes, to defend his head. At length his blood recoiled, his eyes grew dim, his pulse ceased, his long limbs quivered—failed, and down went poor Connaughty with a loud shriek and tremendous crash.—His beloved bride running up alarmed at the noise, found the counsellor as inanimate as the boards he lay on. A surgeon was sent for, and phlebotomy was resorted to as for apoplexy, which the se zure was pronounced to be; his head was shaved, and by the time he recovered a little, he had three extensive blisters and a cataplasm preparing their stings for him.

It was two days before he recovered sufficiently to tell his Mary of the horrid spectre that had assailed him: for he really thought that he had been felled to the ground by a blow from the goblin. Nothing indeed could ever persuade him to the contrary, and he grew quite delirious. His reason returned slowly and scantily, and when assured it was only a looking glass, that was the cause of his terror, the assurance did not alter his belief. He pertinaciously maintained that this was only a kind story, invented to tranquilize him. "Oh, my dearest Mary!" said poor Connaughty, "I'm gone; my day is come; I'm called away forever. Oh, had you seen the frightful figure that struck me down, you could not have survived it one hour. Yet why should I fear the d——l. I'm not wicked, Mary! No; I'm not very wicked.

The celebrated Richardson relates the following anecdote of his "bevish days."

"As a bashful and not a forward boy, I was an early favorite with all the young women of taste and reading in the neighborhood. Half a dozen of them, when met to work with their needles, used, when they got a book they liked, and thought I should like to borrow, would bring me to read to them; their mothers sometimes with them, and both mothers and daughters used to be pleased with the observations they put me upon making.

"I was not more than thirteen, when three of these young women, unknown to each other, having a high opinion of my taciturnity, revealed to me their love secrets, in order to induce me to give them counsel, in write after, or correct, for answers to their lover's letters; nor did any of them know that I was secretary for the others. I have been directed to chide, and even repulse, when an offence was either taken or given, at the very time the heart of the chider or repulser, was open before me, overflowing with esteem and affection; and the fair repulser, dreading to be taken at her word, directing this word or that, expression to be softened or changed. One highly gratified with her lover's fervor, and vows of everlasting love, has said, when I have asked her direction,—I cannot tell you what to write; but, her heart on her lips, you cannot write too kindly. All her fear was only that she should incur slight for her kindness."

UNFEELING FATHER.—A mulatto youth one day called on a respectable gentleman of Baltimore, and, with tears in his eyes, begged for assistance. "My father and mother," says he, "are about to sell me to Georgia." "Your father and mother!" replied the gentleman, with surprise; "what right have they to sell you!" "My father," answered the boy, "*is a white man*, Mr. ——, a *merchant* in this place. My mother is a yellow woman. She has had several children by him, all of whom have been sold to Georgia but myself. He is this moment *bargaining* with a slave trader for me." The gentleman pitied his assistance, but too late; the bargain was already made. The unfortunate youth was immediately borne off in spite of tears, execrations, and entreaties, handcuffed and chained, and driven like a brute to a distant market!

FILIAL AFFECTION.—Mr. Turner, who resided long in America, mentions an affecting trait in the character of the bison, when a calf. Whenever a cow bison falls by the murderous hand of the hunters, and happens to have a calf, the hapless young one, far from attempting to escape, stays by its fallen dam, with signs expressive of the strongest natural affection. The body of the dam thus secured, the hunter takes no heed of the calf, of which he knows he is sure, but proceeds to cut up the carcass; then, laying it on his horse, he returns home, followed by the poor calf, which instinctively attends the remains of its dam. Mr. Turner says, that he has seen a single hunter ride into the town of Cincinnatti followed in this manner by three calves, which seemed each to claim of him the parent of whom he had cruelly bereft it.

CRAB FISHING.—Brickell, in his "History of North Carolina," gives the following instance of the extraordinary cunning manifested by the crabs. It is fond of crab, he says, that when in quest of them, will stand by the side of a swamp, and hang its tail over into the water; the crabs mistaking it for food, are sure to lay hold of it, and as soon as the beast feels them pinch, he pulls them out with a sudden jerk. He then takes them to a little distance from the water's edge, and in devouring them, is careful to get their crossways in his mouth, lest he should suffer from their nippers.

INEXORABLE CREDITOR.

The following affecting narrative of the cruelty of a creditor towards an unfortunate debtor, is to be found among the notes to a volume of American Poetry, published at Philadelphia by Mr. Woodworth.

"Some years since, a young man by the name of Brown was cast into the prison of this city for debt. His manners were very interesting. His fine dark eyes beamed so much intelligence, his lively countenance expressed so much ingenuousness, that I was induced, contrary to my usual rule, to seek his acquaintance. Companions in misery soon become attached to each other.

"Brown was informed that one of his creditors would not consent to his discharge; that he had abused him very much, as is usual in such cases, and made a solemn oath to keep him in jail 'till he rotted!' I watched Brown's countenance when he received this information; and whether it was fancy or not, I cannot say, but I thought I saw the cheering spirit of hope in that moment desert him for ever.

"Nothing gave Brown pleasure but the daily visit of his affectable wife. By the help of a kind relation, she was able to give him sometimes soup, wine, and fruit, and every day, clear or stormy, she visited the prison, to cheer the drooping spirits of her husband. She was uncommonly pretty. She seemed an angel, administering consolation to a man about to converse with angels. One day passed the hour of one o'clock, and she came not. Brown was uneasy. Two, three, and four, passed, and she did not appear. Brown was distracted. A messenger arrived. Mrs. Brown was very dangerously ill, and supposed to be dying in a convulsion fit. As soon as Brown received this information, he darted to the door with the rapidity of lightning. The inner door was open, and the jailer, who had just let some one in, was closing it as Brown passed violently through it. The jailer knocked him down with a massy iron key which he had in his hand; and Brown was carried back lifeless, and covered with blood, to his cell.

"Mrs. Brown died; and her husband was denied even the sad privilege of closing her eyes. He lingered for some time, till, at last, he called me one day, and gazing on me, while a faint smile played upon his lip, he said, 'he believed death was more kind than his creditors. After a few convulsive struggles, he expired.

"Legislators and sages of America! permit me to ask you, how much benefit has that creditor derived from the imprisonment, and consequent death of an amiable man, in the bloom of youth, who, without this cruelty, might have flourished, even now, an ornament and a glory to the nation!"

SLAVERY AT THE HAVANA.—The regulations adopted by the Spaniards at the Havana, and some other places, for the enfranchisement of their slaves, are calculated to effect so desirable an object gradually. As soon as a slave is ransomed, his name, price, &c., are entered in a public register, and the master is obliged by law to allow him one working day in every week to labour for himself, besides Sunday; so that, if the slave choose to work for his master on that day, he receives the wages of a free man for it; and whatever he gains by his labor on that day is so secured to him by law, that the master cannot deprive him of it. This, which is certainly a very considerable step towards abolishing absolute slavery, was one of the old Spanish laws.

As soon as the slave is able, by his first day's work, to purchase another working day, the master is obliged to sell it to him at a proportionate price, viz. one-fifth part of the original cost; and so, likewise, the remaining four days, at the same rate, whenever the slave is able to redeem them; after which, he is absolutely free. This is such an excitement to industry, that even the most indolent are roused to activity; so abhorrent is a state of slavery to the most ignorant and uneducated being, whether African or European.

AFFECTING VERSES.

Fair M A lived on Liffey's side,
Nor far from B N K,
Her bosom heav'd as did its tide,
For love like I. S Gray.

This she exceeded (ye sons rosy,"
She sighed for her lover's fair,
And of her suitors the re came one
From N S County Clare.

Three did he M' to clear his voice,
And speak with N R G.
"Ah, M A dear, you do K I.
The rose of B A B."

"I love you to X S. sweet maid,
They I D A so clear
Nor S E, nor the Cor I. A,
With these could e'er compare.

"What R the charms of Juno's maid,
The beautiful F D,
Her finger form'd and faced and stay'd
To thy O I C T?"

Fair M A said "There is a youth—
U N Y him 'tis true,
For him alone, I wish to live—
But O I P T U."

An I C chill spread o'er his heart—
To A B street he came,
And thought by drinking O D V,
To prove how hot a name.

But still despair jerked in his I,
To peace as N M E;
By proxy he resolved to die,
So burnt his F E G.

SCANDAL.

"Now, let it work. Mischief thou art afoot,
"Take what course thou wilt."

The *substance* of the following is no fiction. In a neighbouring village, whose inhabitants, like the good people of Athens, were much given to "either tell or hear some new thing," lived Squire P. a facetious, good natured sort of a body, whose jokes are even yet a matter of Village Record, and have been re-hoed through various editions, from folio down to duodecimo.

Aunt Lizzy was Deacon Snipe's wife's sister—a maiden lady of about fifty—she went to all the meetings—kept a regular account of every birth, death and marriage, with their dates—doctored all the babies, and knew every *yarb* in the neighbourhood—showed all the young married women how to make soap, and when they had *bad luck*, made every child in the house set *cross legged* until the luck changed. In fine, she was a kind of village factotum—spent her time in going from house to house, grinding out a grist of slander to each, as occasion required, but always concluded with "the way of transgressors is hard;" "poor Mrs. A. or B. as the case was) I pity her from the bottom of my heart," or some such very *soothing* reflection. Aunt Lizzy was always very fond of asking strangers and others, without regard to time or place, "the state of their minds; how they enjoyed their minds, &c. These questions were generally followed by a string of scandal, which was calculated to destroy the peace and happiness of some of her best neighbours and friends; but she, like other narrators of this kind, considered such intellectual murder as either establishing her own fair reputation, or as the only mode of entertaining the village, and thereby rendering her society agreeable.

One warm summer's afternoon, as the Squire was sitting near his office door, smoking his pipe, Aunt Lizzy was passing by with great speed, ruminating on the news of the day, when the Squire brought her suddenly to, as the sailors say, by "what's your hurry aunt Lizzy? walk in." The old lady, who never wanted a second invitation, went into the office, and the following dialogue soon commenced.

"Well, Squire P., I have been thinking this forenoon what an useful man you might be, if you'd only leave off your light conversations, as the good book says, and become a serious man—you might be an ornament to both church and state, as Old Minister says."

"Why, as to that, Aunt Lizzy, a cheerful countenance I consider as the best index of a grateful heart, and you know what the Bible says on that subject—" When ye fast, be not as the *hypocrites* of a sad countenance; but anoint thy head and *wash thy face*. aunt Lizzy began to feel for her pocket handkerchief, for she was a taker of snuff, that thou appear NOT unto men to fast."

"Now, there Squire—that's just what I told you—see how you have the *scripter* at your tongue's end; what an useful man you might be in our church, if you'd only be a doer as well as a hearer of the word.

"As to that, aunt Lizzy, I don't see that you '*profess*ours,' as you call them, are a whit better than I am, in *private*. I respect a *sincere* profession as much as any man; but I know enough of one of your church, whom you think a great deal of, to know that *she is no better than she should be*."

At these insinuations, aunt Lizzy's little black eyes began to twinkle; she sat down beside the Squire, in order to speak in a lower tone—spread her handkerchief over her lap, and began to tap the cover of her snuff box in true style, and all things being in readiness for a regular siege of "scandalum magnatum," she commenced fire—

"Now, Squire, I want to know what you mean by one of our church? I know who you mean—the trollop—I didn't like so many curls about her head, when she told her experience."

The Squire finding curiosity was putting his boots on, had no occasion to add spurs to the heels, for the old lady had one in her head that was worth both of them. Accordingly he had no peace until he consented to explain what he meant by the expression, "in *private*"—this was a *dear* word with aunt Lizzy.

"Now, aunt Lizzy, will you take a Bible oath, that you will never communicate what I am about to tell you to a living being, and that you will keep it while you live as a most invidable secret?

"Yes, Squire, I declare I won't never tell nobody nothing about it as long as I breathe the breath of life, and I'll take a Bible oath on it; there, sartin as I live, Squire, before you or any other magister in the whole country."

"Well, then, you know when I went up to Boston a year ago."

"Yes, yes, Squire, and I know who went with you too—Susey B. and Dolly T. and her sister Prudence."

"Never mind who went with me, aunt Lizzy; there was a whole lot of passengers—But, but—"

"None of your buts, Squire—out with it—if folks will act so—a trotting—"

"But, aunt Lizzy, I'm afraid you'll bring me into the scrape—"

"I've told you over and over again, that nobody never shall know nothing about it, and your wife knows I a nt leaky—"

"My wife! I would of have her know what I was going to say for the world—why, aunt Lizzy, if she should know it—"

"Well, don't be afear'd, Squire, once for all, I'll take my oath that no living critter shant never as long as I live, know a lisp out't.

"Well, then—if you must know it—I slept with one of the likeliest of your church members nearly half the way up!!!"

Aunt Lizzy drew in a long breath—shut up her snuff box, and put it in her pocket, muttering to herself—

"The likeliest of our church members! I thought it was Susey B.—likeliest!—this comes of being flattered—a trollop. Well, one thing I know—"the way of transgressors is hard;" but I hope you'll never tell no body out't, Squire; for sartin as the world, if such a thing should be known, our church would be scattered abroad, like sheep without a shepherd."

In a few moments aunt Lizzy took her departure, giving the Squire another caution and a sly wink, as she said good by—let me skote for a secret.

It was not many days before Squire P. received a very polite note from Parson G. requesting him to attend a meeting of the church, and many of the parish, at the south Conference room, in order to settle some difficulties with one of the church members, who, in order to clear up her character, requested Squire P. to be present.

The Parson, who was a very worthy man, knew the frailty of some of the weak sisters, as aunt Lizzy call'd them, and as he was a particular friend of Squire P's. requested him in his note to say nothing of it to his wife—But the Squire took the hint, and telling his wife that there was a Parish meeting, requested her to be ready by 2 o'clock, and he would call for her.

Accordingly the hour of meeting came—the whole village flocked to the room, which could not hold half of them. All eyes were alternately on the Squire and Susey B.—Mrs. P. stared and Susey looked as though she had been crying a fortnight. The Parson, with softened tone, and in as a delicate a manner as possible, stated the story about Susey B., which he observed was in everybody's mouth, and which he did not himself believe a word of—and Squire P. being called on to stand as a witness—after painting in lively colours the evils of slander, with which their village has been infested, and particularly the church, called on aunt Lizzy in presence of the meeting, and before the church, to come out and make acknowledgment for violating a Bible oath! Aunt Lizzy's apology was, that she only told Deacon Snipe's wife on't—and *she* took an oath, that she would nt never tell nobody else on't. Deacon Snipe's wife had, at parting, sworn on Roger Toothaker's sister never to tell nobody on t—and so it went through the whole church, and thence through the village.

The Squire then acknowledged before the whole meeting, that he *had*, as he told aunt Lizzy, slept in company with a female, in the way up to Boston, and that he believed her to be one of the likeliest of their members, inasmuch as she never would hear nor retail *slander*. All eyes were now alternately on Susey B. and Squire P's wife—aunt Lizzy enjoyed a kind of diabolical triumph, which the Squire no sooner perceived than he finished his sentence by declaring that the church member, by whom he alluded, was *his own lawful wife!!*

Aunt Lizzy drew in her head under a huge bonnet, as a turtle does under his shell, and marched away into one corner of the room, like a dog that had been killing sheep. The Squire, as usual, burst out into a fit of laughter, from which his wife, Susey B. and even the Parson, could not refrain joining—and he, to clear up wards acknowledged that Squire P. had given a death blow to scandal in the village which all his preaching could not have done.

That most interesting occurrence, the meeting of a book and bridegroom, for the first time, is thus described by Jadier Sharref, in his work upon the customs of the Mussulmans of India, just published:

"On entering the house, the bridegroom alone is borne by the man, who carries him to the door of the dwelling, or, to the court-yard around it, where he stops. The women then holding up a curtain between, and one of them having brought the bride in her arms to the other side of it, they put into her hands flowers, sugars, and unhulled rice, and direct her to throw them three times over the screen, on the head of the bridegroom, who does the same to her. This ceremony being concluded, the bridegroom withdraws to the male *dewankhana*.

Then follows the *neekah*, or solemnization of the contract of marriage, after which the bridegroom is indulged with a peep at the moon-like beauties of her bride, after the following formalities:

"About five or six o'clock in the afternoon of the *neekah*-day, the *moushata* (female jester having fastened the *sighera* on the bride's head, and placed a *chaplet* of flowers on her brow, sits on the cot. Then, having seated the bridegroom opposite to her, with their faces turned towards each other, and having a piece of red cloth held up as a curtain between them, she, holding one end of a long piece of red thread, puts the latter, along with a ring, into the bride's hand, and taking hold of it, makes her throw it over the curtain on the bridegroom's head. The sister of the latter, tying a gold or silver ring to the extremity of the thread, and also putting some unhulled rice along with it into the hand of her brother, takes hold of it, and makes him throw them to the bride. When they have thus thrown it (the ring backwards and forwards three times, all the while singing some current epithalamium (called *bugna*) the *moushata* desires the bridegroom to remove the curtain. After placing the bride and bridegroom on the bed, the female jester exercises her ingenuity in saying witty things, such as—Whatsoever mother or sister requesting her to show the bride face to the bridegroom, she observes,—"The bride eclipses the moon in beauty, and were I to indulge him with a single glance, the poor fellow would go mad, and become distracted." After two or three hit four *ghawrees* (an hour) passed in this way, she places a bit of sugar-candy on the bride's head, and desires the bridegroom to pick it up with his mouth. That being done, she puts the same on her shoulders, knees, and feet; but instead of removing it in the latter case with his mouth, he offers to do it with his left hand, a thing totally inadmissible among them, which, of course, the *moushata* does not sanction; and at this puncture amuses the bridegroom's mother and sister not a little, by insisting upon the performance, observing, that it is but right, since he has taken up the rest with his mouth, that he should do so in this case. After a few minutes, he is allowed to take it up with his right hand. Then the *moushata*, singing, takes hold of the bride's head, moves it backwards and forwards two or three times, and, at other times, and follows the same to the bridegroom; after which, holding a looking-glass between them, she directs them to look at each other in it. The bridegroom takes a peep, and obtains a faint glimpse of his fair one, (mistrustfully, after which the *Quran* is exhibited to his view, while the modest virgin does not so much as venture to open her eyes. They then give the bridegroom some milk in a cup to drink, and touch the bride's mouth with his leavings, (hoping thereby to create a mutual affection between them.

THE SWEEP'S SON.—A mechanic, passing along with his saw and axe in his hand, espied a master-sweep talking familiarly to a smart-looking boy. "Is that your son?" inquired the mechanic. "Yes," replied the other, "he is." "You don't surely intend making a sweep of that fine little fellow, do you?" "If he *behaves* himself *well*," rejoined the father." "I shall; but if he is not a good boy, I will bind him apprentice to a *carpenter*, or some such trade."

QUESTIONS FOR GROWN CHILDREN.—Propositions very simple in the abstract, may be stated in such a manner as to render their solution not a little embarrassing. For instance—

"What relation is a child to its father, that is not its own father's son?

"If Dick is father to John's son, what relation is Dick to John?

"How much will 20000 bricks amount to, at twenty shillings a thousand?

"Which is the most—six dozen dozen, or half a dozen dozen?"

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